

S. JAMES TURLINGTON,
Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICES—Accomac C. H. and Fair Oaks, Va.
Practices in all the courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

JNO. R. and J. HARRY REW,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Offices—Accomac C. H., and Parkesley, at Accomac C. H., every Wednesday.
Will practice in all the courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

ROY D. WHITE,
Attorney-at-Law.
Offices: Parkesley and Accomac C. H. Practices in all courts of Accomac and Northampton Counties.
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Attorney-at-Law.
Office—Accomac C. H., Va.
Practices in all courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

WARNER AMES,
Attorney-at-Law.
Offices—Accomac C. H. and Onancock.
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Will practice in all the courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

JOHN S. PARSONS,
Attorney-at-Law.
Accomac C. H., Va.
Will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

L. FLOYD NOCK,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
Accomac C. H., Va.
Will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.
Prompt attention to all business.

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Office—Onancock, Va.

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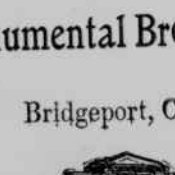
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Talmage Sermon

By Rev.
Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 9.—In this sermon the preacher unflinchingly exposes the folly and wickedness of pride, whether it be founded on ancestry, possessions, social position and influence or upon personal vanity. The text is Proverbs xxix, 23, "A man's pride shall bring him low."

The Paphlogonians pigeons were said to have two hearts. Physiologists have good reason to doubt that statement, but etymologists know that there are some words that seem to have two hearts. Uttered in one sense their meaning is good and pure, but uttered in another sense their meaning is evil and corrupt. Like the chameleon, they are able to change their outer colorings to suit their environments. In a bad sense these words have the craven articles of a culprit or a bad intentioned man. Their skins are as black as the blackness of the eternal night that they inhabit. In a good sense their hearts beat steady and true. They are the pumps which drive only good and pure blood through their different arteries as the pursuit of water tumbles over the miller's wheel because that water comes from the clearest of mountain streams.

The word "pride" in this age may sometimes be used in a good sense. In Bible times it always had a debased meaning. Searching through a concordance I cannot find one place where that word "pride" was not used as the symbol of "sin" and condemned as the cause of sin. God denounces it all through the Old Testament. God hurls at it his execrations all through the New. Arrogance and pride compose the quakes which have destroyed many an immortal soul in the past. They are the insidious means whereby Satan is tripping up and mauling his helpless victims at the present time. Therefore this sinful pride, which is found nestling in many hearts as a fatal cancer, must be cut out or some of us will be forever lost.

Pride of Lineage.
First, consider the silliest of all kinds of pride, that of aristocratic lineage. The spoiled infant in its crumpled bed, screaming for the attention of its nurse, is not more of a nuisance than these people who strut through the world claiming the homage of their fellows because of their having been born in an aristocratic home. It cries, "Bow low to me, not because I have brain or have accomplished anything, but because I am of an earthly use to anybody, but because my father is grandfather or great-grandfather has accomplished something—make his name famous or because my great-grandmother had in her veins the blood of the two great aristocrats. Listen to the babblings of one who would continually shake before our eyes a single branch of his ancestral tree which happened to bear a few fragrant blossoms, while on that same genealogical tree are hundreds of other branches which have borne nothing but rotten eaten fruit, and which branches have been gnarled and twisted for generations and for centuries.

Have you ever stopped to consider how many different ancestors you have had? My parents were two in number. I had one father and one mother. But, stepping back another generation, I find I had four grandparents and eight great-grandparents and sixteen great-great-grandparents. And thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents. And so back and back they go, doubling with each generation. A few hundred years back I find my ancestors were not counted by the tens, but by the thousands. Now, my friends, what right has a man with family pride to follow up one branch of a genealogical tree that lands him in a king's throne room or in an earl's palace and ignore the hundreds of other ancestral lines, any one of which would land him in a peasant's hut or perhaps even at the end of a hangman's noose? For, though some of us may not have had ancestors who were hanged, all of us have had plenty of them who ought to have been hanged if they had been treated as they deserved. Thus, when we estimate how many different ancestors we all have had, both good and bad, there is a great deal of broad common sense in the answer which Theodore Roosevelt gave to one of his boys who had boasted in school about his family. The president said: "There are only two classes of boys in this world, my son. Big boys and small boys alike are either good boys or bad boys. It does not make very much difference from what family you spring, if you are a good boy the world will respect you and if a bad boy the world will punish you and despise you."

His Coat of Arms.
Then there is another fact that always amuses me in reference to the false assumptions of family pride. Almost without exception the great families of the earth are proud of their descent from some one man who in his youth was a nobody, the son of a hodcarrier, a stone mason or a laborer in the ditch. Where did the proud Astor family come from? From a palace? Oh, no. It sprang into prominence from a poor German emigrant who had to cross the Atlantic practically in the steerage. Where did the famous Vanderbilt family come from? Four generations back Cornelius Vanderbilt was a barefoot boy running about the Staten Island hills. He made his first money as a common ferryman, rowing passengers over the waters between his island home and New York's great metropolis. When an English aristocrat was dining in the palatial home of the founder of the great Thaw family of the western part of Pennsylvania he began to boast of his great family connections. Then he turned to the richest and most honored man of Pittsburgh and said, "From what aristocratic head did your family spring, Mr. Thaw?" With that William Thaw answered: "My ancestors, for the most part, were plain, honest folks. My own coat of arms, however, is a shoe-

maker's last, for my father was the best cobbler of his time in all this region."

Where did the great Adams family, or the Beechers, or the Van Cortlands, or the Van Rensselaers, or the Hamiltons, or the Goulds, or the Armours, or the Swifts, or the Letters, or the Otises spring from? Either in the last generation or a few generations back you can find a shop or working as clerks or digging as farmers or so poor that they had to borrow money to get their start in life in their chosen career. Now, my aristocratic friends, if the most honored names in all history are for the greater part names first heard of in the annals of the poor and the first bearers of which were born in poverty and obscurity, why should you hold your heads so high? Because your father or grandfather happened to do something that made his name famous is that any reason why you should consider yourself above your fellow men when you have accomplished absolutely nothing for mankind?

The pride of birth is among the silliest and the most baseless of all kinds of pride. I thought of some of us may have the blood of a great man flowing in our veins, all of us without exception have the blood of hundreds of obscure ancestors mingling in our arteries, from whom we are just as much descended as we are from him who was king among the kings. I would infinitely prefer to be the founder of a race than the degenerate offspring of a noble sire who bravely worked his way from nothing to the pinnacle of fame. This practical world of everyday life does not ask who was your father, who was your grandmother, but who are you?

But, though we would denounce the pretentious pride of birth, we would go further than this. We would denounce the arrogant pride of many of our men and women who seem to have accomplished something in life. If we are honest we must admit that such successes as we have achieved have been due in no small degree to fortuitous combinations of circumstances of which we have taken advantage and not exclusively to our own merits. We have no right to take all the credit to ourselves or to despise others who have helped us on our way. Many of them have been hindered by poverty or lack of educational facilities or ill health, and we show disgraceful ingratitude to Providence if we give ourselves airs of superiority.

Circumstances Make Men.
Circumstances make men just the same as men make circumstances. When I was lately thinking upon this theme my eye involuntarily wandered down a country road to a big white barn where a livery is kept and horses are rented for the day. About one of these horses a young man was working. Who is he? He is a young man who for years has wanted to be a lawyer. But he is the oldest son of a large family of children. His father is a farmer in the east. There that his health broke down, and he must die. He bought some land here. After awhile two years of drought came and he was ruined. Then that father was confined three years in an invalid's bed. Then that oldest son had to spring into the breach. He is there yet in the breach. The bread of his mother, his father and the children was for years dependent upon that oldest boy and his work. The horses of the farm were merely changed during the drought into the horses of a public livery. If you and I had been in that oldest boy's place would we not have done just the same as he did? Would we be where we are today?

James A. Garfield once seemed to preach the doctrine that there are no difficulties in life too great for a man to overcome. In one of his addresses he said: "No man who is worth saving can ever be drowned in the troubled sea of life. No matter how far it is from shore, pitch him overboard and he will at last be able to swim ashore."

I am not sure that statement of Garfield's is always true. I believe that there may come a time when a young man, like a young colt, can be beaten too much and his spirit will be gone. I believe that a young man may have too many obstacles to overcome and he at last he will lose his energy and he will cease to struggle any more. In any case, it becomes a question to consider how much of our success is due to the advantages we have enjoyed and never to assume superiority over those who might have succeeded as well as or better than we have done if their opportunities and equipment had been equal to ours.

Men Sometimes Make Circumstances.
Men make circumstances? Not always. Some time ago when seated in a railroad train I read a newspaper article in reference to one of the notable pugilists of the country. This article went something like this: "Mr. So-and-so will never amount to anything again in the roped arena. Why? Because he has been twice whipped. A man is like a dog; when he has been beaten enough to find that some one else is his master in life is that?" I said to myself, "Then I pictured that noble dog of Jack London's in his 'Call of the Wild.' He was a big, lovable, brave dog, but no sooner was he sent north than he was clubbed until his spirit was broken. What then? He whined and whimpered like a frightened puppy. So some men, noble men, brave men in their youth, become failures as middle aged men. Why? Because they are battered and defeated through life by obstacles practically impossible to overcome until at last their courage and nerve and fighting manhood practically ooze away. O man, be not puffed up in your own conceit on account of your seeming triumphs in life! You and I in a sense have both succeeded not because we are smarter than all men, but because God has given to us chances of success which he has withheld from men who were just as smart and just as diligent and brave and as conscientious as ever we have been.

Arrogant pride is making necklaces of diamonds to reflect her own shriveled and emaciated form. She carries around with her a looking glass because she thinks her blood is "blue" in-

stead of red; her race more beautiful and her eyes more intelligent than all other physiognomies. She never tires of watching her own countenance. Her smile is sweetest when she is praising her own sweet self. But, though arrogant pride admires her own looks and her own brain more than those of the people around her, she has often no right to gather the lilies of innocence to wear as a bouquet on her corsage. In her heart there may be the germs of evil and a cruelty as fierce as that which impelled the women of France in the revolution to surround the guillotine and gloat over the execution of victims as guiltless as themselves. I find that, as a rule, she thinks that her own garments are the clinging robes of an angel, pure and spotless, while the garments of her fellow human creatures are the rags and tatters of a repentant or an unrepentant prodigal.

All Were Gentlemen.
It is often forgotten that arrogance and pride are sins in themselves. The lofty spirit which boasts that it is free from the guilt of others and holds aloof from the repentant sinner, whom it surveys with scorn, is not that pride a most heinous sin in the sight of a just God? During the darkest days of the French revolution of 1890 a great mob of insurgents and rioters were blockading the Parisian streets. "It is useless to appeal to their reason. They have no reason," said General Lafayette, the commander of the national guard, which ultimately placed Louis Philippe upon the French throne. "Shoot them down like dogs."

"Let me, general, try to scatter them," said a staff officer to his commander. The young man took off his hat and rode up to the threatening mob. Then he cried, "All gentlemen will please to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble." At once the mob scattered. "Not," wrote the historian, "from fear, but because not one of those fierce rioters wanted the people of France to consider that he belonged to the scum or the offscourings of the nation." Because arrogant pride considers herself different from the rest of the world, she does that which makes her different? I tell thee nay. The wisest and the most degraded forms of sin are not more condemned in God's sight than the sin of the Pharisee. Christ said it. We must be like him.

Who is this Pharisee of old modernized into the language of the church of today? Let me describe him as you have often seen him. Sunday morning is here. The supercilious creature crawls out of bed. He must go to church. It is part of his religion to go to church. Every one says he is one of the pillars of the church. He dislikes the word "pillar" because for a long time he has thought he is the whole sanctuary, choir loft and pulpit thrown in, as well as pew.

He has hard work to get up this morning because all the week he has been demanding his pound of flesh. He gave a hundred dollars to his employees. During the week, by business tricks and financial "thunderbolts," he got at least four different places of real estate \$5,000 less than they were worth. He lied about the deal, but of course he only lied according to recognized business custom. Last night he discharged a young girl because she was sick. He knew what made her sick. He worked her overtime and worked all the physical life out of her.

"Why don't you hurry to church, old Pharisee? Don't you hear the last bell ringing?" "Oh, yes," says the old hypocrite, "but there is no need of my hurrying. The ushers always keep my one else put in my pew. Besides, it is not dignified for me to go ahead or even to be on time. Let me come in just before the sermon and disturb the service, and then every one will be impressed by my entrance and the solemn devotion with which I kneel in prayer."

A Modern Pharisee.
Our Pharisee of modern times comes in late, as usual. A quiet little lady dressed in black is seated in his pew. His face and neck are as red as if he had been taking hot steam as he went under the tropical sun. We are almost afraid he will burst a blood vessel in an apoplectic fit. "Who is she? For what is she there? Wasn't her husband that old drunkard who died in delirium tremens five months ago and who died a bankrupt, owing me \$500?" "Yes," said the usher. "But her own life has been sweet and pure, and as she used to know your family in her better days she asked for your pew. She has come to church because she wants to join our church." "Join our church, eh? Yes," said the old hypocrite. "I know why she wants to join our church; she wants me to help her and to let her children be baptized in the society of my family. I will not do it. Now, Mr. Usher, I will not do it. Now, Mr. Usher, this is going too far. This is too good a church for the rabble. We can start missions for the poor. I do not want a lot of people with scandals besmirching their names using us for a social hospital. I am willing to pay my pew rent and help out the pastor's salary and help support a few foreign and home missions, but I am not willing to be dragged into the social mud and with a lot of ordinary clerks and poverty-stricken women and general 'dead-end' if you cannot keep this church entirely for the exclusive class, the social 'upper ten' and why, I will get out. God help me if I have made this scene too personal! Some of you know who represents the modern Pharisee clothed in the filthy garments of arrogant pride. That person, O man or woman, in God's sight is your self satisfied, evil self. You are even now making the hypocritical prayer of him who of old said, 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men.'"

But, lastly, I believe that pride is often the result of bigotry and ignorance. It is possible to become so absorbed in a particular work and in some one church as to overlook the fact that other men in other churches are winning souls and planting seed in other fields which will yield a harvest as great as our own, though other methods be used to reap it and other methods be adopted to produce it.

Phillips Brooks' Advice.
How do you know that your own church is the best church and the only true church? Have you ever studied

the ways and the means other ministers are using in our sister churches? It would be a good thing for you to worship in some other church for a little while before you are so quick to condemn their ways of doing things. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold," said Christ. One of the best truths I ever read from the pen of that great, big hearted and noble Christian, the most beloved New Englander of his day, Phillips Brooks, was from a letter he wrote to a ministerial friend in America. The letter went something like this: "Dear brother, you ought to come over to Europe at least once a year to find out how the big world is trying to do right and how small the Episcopal church seems looked at from this side of the Atlantic." You can surmise what Phillips Brooks meant. He meant instead of there being only one church filled with gloriously good people there were many different Protestant churches filled with just as good people as Phillips Brooks had in his own parish.

How do you know that your way of bringing up your children is the only right way? Have you developed your family so marvelously that they are brighter than all other children, more intellectual, more spirited, being blameworthy for doing wrong you ought to be blamed. Your way of discipline may be wrong. Broaden your life. Study the ways of other Christian parents and you may be able to improve your own ways.

How do you know that your own interpretation of the Scripture is right? Perhaps if you would only empty yourself of self and as a student come and sit at Christ's feet you might learn so much from him who was meek and lowly of heart that you would have a less exalted estimate of yourself and of your own wisdom and piety. I personally would never have any use for a physician who thinks he knows so much that in the crisis of a disease he would not ask another physician to come to the bedside of the sick for consultation. Neither has Christ any use for one of his disciples who knows so much that he is not willing to come to sit at his feet and learn of him. Are you ready today to empty yourself of self and be as an empty vessel to be filled with the Holy Spirit?

Oh, the imbibing and imbibing, sinful pride of life! How hard it is for some of you to give up! After Sam Houston for years had been one of our nation's most prominent men he came in his old age to represent Texas in the United States senate. No sooner did he come to Washington than he went to a famous Baptist church there, of which Rev. Dr. Samson was pastor. For eight long years he attended this church. At last he came forward and gave his heart to Jesus Christ. Just before his first communion Dr. Samson asked Senator Houston into his private room. "What is it you wish me to do?" asked the old warrior, fixing his keen eye upon Dr. Samson's face. "General," was the reply, "you know the alienation between you and Senator Houston is due to the Lord's supper. It seems to me that you ought not to meet there unless in Christ's name you will thus meet Senator Houston and so will you destroy sinful pride, go and forgive for Christ's sake?" This senator had been bitterly unjust to the great liberator of Texas. Dr. Samson said: "At first the fire began to glow in General Houston's eye. His brows knit. His teeth clinched. His whole frame shook with the struggle between aroused conscience and the old bitterness of feeling that he had for years cherished. But at last the man of almost ungodly ungodliness was changed from a lion into a lamb, and in a subdued voice and with tears in his eyes he said, 'Mr. Samson, for Christ's sake I will do it.'"

O man, like Sam Houston, will you yield up your pride for Christ? Will you be as a little child at his feet? Will you say, "Master, I am nothing, but thou art all in all?" May God grant that the bane of sinful pride shall here and now forever be cast out of every one of our hearts. "A man's pride shall bring him low, but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit."

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Roses Old as the World.
Roses culture's beginning goes back beyond records. The flower is mentioned in the earliest Coptic manuscripts. India's traditions take the rose to the times of the gods on earth. Egypt had roses, wild and tame, before the Roman occupation made it a way, Rome's commercial rose garden. Yet, curiously enough, there is no reference to the flower in painting, sculpture or hieroglyphics. Japan in our time parallels Egypt. Roses flourish there, but do not serve as a motif for artists. There is this further likeness—neither Egypt nor Japan has a rose song or a love song proper.—Chicago Journal.

Needed Another Barrel.
When Van Blumer came up from the cellar, says Harper's Bazar, he told his wife he wanted her to do him a favor. "I want you to give the cook a message for me," he added.

"What?" inquired Mrs. Van Blumer, a trifle anxiously.

"Tell her—ask her, I mean," said Van Blumer, "not to put the broken china into the ash barrel. I really must have some place to put the ashes."

Mutually Shy.
"So their engagement is broken?" "Yes. They were both too shy to get married."

"What?" "Well, you see, he was shy of money, and she got shy of him when she found it out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Repentance.
"Age before beauty," said Falstaff, as he attempted to enter before the prince.

"No, grace before meat," said the prince gently, as he pushed him from his path.—Life.

Considerate Child.
Mother—See here, Tommy, how often do you want me to speak to you? Tommy—I'll leave it all to you, ma. You know what's best.—Leslie's Weekly.

Tax Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the State Tax and County Levy for the year 1904 are now due, and that in pursuance of law, I will be at the following named places in said districts at the time herein specified, for the purpose of collecting said taxes and levies, viz:

Appointments of John H. Hopkins:
Parkesley, October 1st and November 25th and 26th.
Blooms, October 6th, 7th and 8th.
Mappsville, October 13th, 14th and 15th.

Temperanceville, October 20th, 21st and 22nd.
New Church, October 27th, 28th and 29th.

Sanford, November 2d, 3rd and 4th.
Saxi, November 2d at night.
Cattail, November 5th morning.
Mearsville, November 5th afternoon.
Greenbackville, November 14th at night.

Chincoteague, November 15th, 16th and 17th.
Hornetown, November 17th at night.
Hallwood, November 18th, afternoon, and night.

Mode-town, November 19th.
Hopeton, November 23d, morning.
Newtown, November 23d, afternoon.
Leemont, November 24th, afternoon.
Accomac, November 7th, 8th, 9th, 28th, 29th and 30th.

Mappsville Station, October 3d, 4th and 5th.
Onley, October 11th, morning.
Loonstville, October 11th, afternoon.
Cattail, October 13th, morning.
Finney, October 13th, afternoon.
Tangier, October 13th, 14th and 15th.
Melfa, October 18th, afternoon.

Belle Haven, October 21st.
Keller, October 28th, afternoon.
Pungoteague, October 31st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th.

Marshall Store North side, November 4th.
Wachapreague, November 14th, 15th and 16th.

Harborton, November 18th, at night.
Accomac C. H., November 7th, 8th, 9th, 28th, 29th and 30th.

Onancock, October 1st, 15th, 29th, and 30th, afternoon, and all day 24th, 25th and 31st.
All 1903 Capitation Taxes unpaid by November 15th, 1904, will be returned Delinquent.

The payment of Capitation Tax for 1904 will still be required 6 months before an election in order to vote. We recommend to all the payment of their taxes before the penalties are added December 1st, 1904.

Your humble servants,
John H. Hopkins, Treasurer,
Edwin T. Powell, Dy. Treas.,
of Accomac County, Va.

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We have a large line of all kinds of BUILDERS' MATERIAL, and can save you money if you will call to see us.

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Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Mantels, Newells, Gable Ornaments, Brackets, Laths, Bricks, Shingles, Hair, Lime, Cement and very select Cypress Railing very cheap. — — —

A trial order will convince you that we can save you money. Let us give you our prices.

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Watches, Clocks,

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